

Heritage of Heart

And did the final Squaddie's boot
(Let me sleep now) sever
the spinal chord?

(Lord God of Hosts be with us yet)
And did we Yanks enshroud in ice

a one we beat and scared
(Be with us yet)

to death?
How mine eyes

have seen the glory
of cumulus so brilliant

from my tropic strand!
(Such bursting floods
of white!) A surf-

er glides ahead of golden
wind, then folds him far
within the spirals

of the violet eye
he's rendered dark.